The Bloomfield Record Saturday, January 15, 1881.

TRADE DIRECTORY.

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BLACKSMITHING—C. L. Ward & Son, Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield.

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INSURANCE—Essex County Mutual Insurance Co., Liberty Street, Bloomfield.

LAMPS, FIXTURES, ETC.—J. Adam Wissner, Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

MEATS, VEGETABLES, ETC.—R. E. Heckel, Washington St.; W. J. Madison, Broad St.; Bloomfield.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION—Chas. F. A. Klein, P. O. Box 210, Bloomfield.

OIL—J. Adam Wissner, Franklin St., Bloomfield.

ORGANS—Jas. T. Patterson, Bridgeport, Conn.

PHOTOGRAPHS—Rockwood, 17 Union Square, N. Y.

PIANOS—Jas. T. Patterson, Bridgeport, Conn.

PLUMBING—T. E. Hayes, Glenwood Avenue; A. Taylor, Broad Street; Bloomfield.

PRINTING—RECORD Office, Broad Street.

STATIONERY—E. E. Marsh, Broad St., Bloomfield.

STOVES, ETC.—T. E. Hayes, Glenwood Ave.; A. Taylor, Broad Street; Bloomfield.

UNDERTAKING—John G. Keyler, Bloomfield Avenue; Daniel H. Pell, Glenwood Avenue; Bloomfield.

Bloomfield Record.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 15, 1881.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Death is as common as birth. Through its opening and closing gates souls great and small are constantly passing out to the unseen and the eternal. No personality is absorbing enough to remain forever necessary to those left behind. In the lapse of days the dearest cease to miss the dearest. But time is needed to make the presence best beloved fade into a memory and a name. Only Thought, the intrinsic essence of God himself, is indestructible. When a great Intelligence passes beyond us, out to the unknown, then it is that the whole human race is bereft.

We are sorry that Milton quarreled with his wife, was unjust to his daughters; that Shakespeare was accused of poaching; that Lord Bacon was not as strong in integrity as he was in intellect; that Burns was weak, and Byron wicked; yet all the shadow of their mortal failure cannot obscure the splendor of their thought, as it streams backward from their names, illuminating human experience and kindling ever human imagination and aspiration.

Thus the illustrious woman whose passing outward the whole English race to-day deplores must live in the future, not in isolated deeds of her misunderstood life, nor even in the entirety of her exquisite character, but in the Thought which lives after her, and which will continue to live as long as the language that gives it form and substance remains to men. It will live, at least, in aphorisms; not because it portrays any special form of character or society, but because it is a part of the universality of thought, belonging to human nature and to all time. Hers were

"The primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
The soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
The faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

It is a curious fact in the history of womanly development that whenever a woman rises to any unusual mental altitude some man is sure to receive the credit of having educated, developed, or superintended her talent or genius. The great creative genius of George Eliot could come but from the unfailing source of all creative power, the omnipotent mind of God himself; yet the world is quite accustomed to the assurance that Herbert Spencer educated her, and that George Henry Lewes gave her ideas, and for a long period of years altered and modified her genius to such a degree that he quite made it over, if he did not create it in the beginning.

As late as 1877 Mr. Lewes took the pains to write, in contradiction of this report: "Mr. Herbert Spencer is said to have been the instructor of Mrs. Lewes and to have taught her languages. Had the writer taken the trouble to make the slightest inquiry, he would have learned that Mr. Herbert Spencer knows very little of one language besides his own, whereas Mrs. Lewes, before she knew him, was the mistress of seven." To this assurance Herbert Spencer added his own, declaring that George Eliot was a liberally educated woman when he first met her; that he was never her instructor. For many years before his death the controlling power of George Henry Lewes was traced by critics in every line she published; yet to-day the untouched fact remains that, however much close mental association with his mind modified the action and expression of hers, clear as a crysolite, steadfast as a star that differeth from all other stars in its own especial glory, shines the untouched, inviolable genius of George Eliot.

It is sacrilegious to compare her power with that of any of her contemporaries in her own sphere of thought, it so far transcends them all. I am glad that the American press can boast of one man great enough both to see this fact and to announce it. The superlative critic of the New York *Sun*, himself a scholar trained in the greatest of English schools, in writing of "George Eliot Dead," says:

"When we regard George Eliot in her capacity of thinker, it seems to us almost impertinence to compare with this woman any masculine author who has addressed an English audience through the medium of a novel. For the creator of Tom Jones or the writer of Waverly there was nothing in existence but transient superficial phenomena; there were no mysteries in it. For them the deeper problems of man's history and destiny were scarcely so much as stated; much less have they sought to solve them, or consented with agnostic resignation to forego a solution. And even when we pass from 'Middlemarch' to the works of Dickens and Thackeray, do we not feel like men descending from the cool mountain air, through whose transparent medium the ways of men are watched with the keen yet kindly ken of some superior spirit to the dense, reeking fume of towns, wherein alike the cynical and laughing philosopher could only spy out and prod up the surface of things? How can we refrain, as we see the one rioting in vulgar mirth and the other hugging with a smirk his little store of worldly wisdom, from wishing, with the Romans, that all our men were women so the women were Zenobias?"

One can thank God without reservation that the paragraph above was written by a man, not by a woman. Surely, it must be habit, for it is not thought, which makes so many glibly set George Eliot with Dickens and Thackeray, with Charlotte Bronte or George Sand. No thinker, no judge of thinking, who has ever really compared the works of these writers, can cooly assert of George Eliot that she "stands on a literary level" with Dickens and Thackeray, when she stands so far above them in every element of enduring greatness. Already her novels, while they retain and will long retain many readers, have ceased to be the fashion. Had she continued to produce "Adam Bedes" and "Mills on the Floss," this assertion could not be true. Those enchanting pictures of English landscapes; those delicious, yet pathetic tales of English life; those enduring delineations of English character made even the superficial willing to endure the greatness of the thought they so deftly covered. As she lived on, her philosophic purpose became more and more apparent, till in "Daniel Deronda" and in the sayings of "Theophrastus Such" it became a burden not to be endured by the seeker of "plots," nor cheerfully to be tolerated by the mild seeker after half-truths.—*Mary Clemmer in this week's Independent.*

COMPLICATIONS.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give Nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys use it at once. Don't neglect them.

THE CHICAGO MAIDEN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND SACRIFICE.

"But papa——"

"Not another word. I'm a wildcat when my back's up, and don't you forget it."

The speaker was a hard-visaged man, dressed with an elegance that ill-accorded with his evident lack of culture. She who had addressed him as "papa" was a fair-haired girl of 18 summers. Reared on the knee of luxury, she had never known what it was to have her slightest wish thwarted. Her father, a plumber, was, from the nature of his business, a man of iron will, but he was not devoid of pity or generosity, as many a debtor whose house and lot he had taken in part payment for fixing the water pipes, letting the balance of the account run along for two months, could testify. He had surrounded Cecil, his only child, with all that wealth could purchase, looking forward to the time when she would marry the eldest son of a Niagara Falls hackman, or some other person of fortune commensurate with her own. But she had allowed her heart to be ensnared by the wiles of Cupid, and that morning had asked her sire's consent to her marriage with a poor but not proud young man whose agricultural operations on the Board of Trade had not been attended with success. It was this request that produced the answer given above.

Again Cecil pleaded with her parent not to crush the love that blossomed in her heart. The old man's mind went back to the happy days when he had told her mother of his love, and how they commenced life with nothing but strong arms and willing hearts. Placing his fan-like hand on Cecil's shoulder, the old man looked at her tenderly and said: "Look ye, my lass. You say you love this man and cannot live without him. Mebbe not. I have promised you a sealskin sacque this winter. Let us test your love. If you become this man's bride I shall not buy the sacque. In my hand is a check for $300. In the wheat pit over the Board of Trade is your lover. Which do you choose?"

Without raising her head the young girl reached out convulsively for the check.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A LIVING CLOCK.

The human system is a kind of machine. If one part is seriously out of order the whole goes wrong. The blood in circulation is the main spring. Keep this all right and you will not suffer from kidney and liver disorders, piles and constipation. And in offering you Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" as the most successful regulator of the human machine ever discovered, we oblige the sick and suffering more than we oblige Dr. Kennedy. Invest one dollar for a bottle at the store, or walk all the way to the doctor's office in Rondout, N. Y., rather than not get it.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Fremont street, corner Franklin street.—Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Sabbath services, 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; Sunday-school, 12 noon. Weekly prayer meetings at 7¾ o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. W. L. Hoagland, pastor. Sunday services: Preaching 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school, 2½ P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Sunday-school prayer meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; Sunday-school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Meetings for prayer, praise and exposition of the Word of God, Tuesday and Thursday at 7:45 P. M. Gospel temperance meeting Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

CHRIST CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).—Liberty street: W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service 10½ o'clock; evening service, 7½; Sunday School,

EVENTS OF LOCAL INTEREST

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

PREPARATIONS MAKING FOR IT BY THE REPUBLICAN CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the Republican Club was held at Upper Library Hall on Wednesday evening last. The meeting was called to order by Mr. G. T. Moore and on motion that gentleman was elected Chairman and Mr. James P. Jones Secretary. The minutes of the last meeting were read and were accepted. The constitution of the Club as adopted at the last meeting and as recorded in the minutes is as follows:

ART. 1. This club shall be known as the Bloomfield Republican Club.

ART. 2. Any legal voter residing in Bloomfield, N. J., in sympathy with the principles and purposes of the Republican party, may become a member of the club.

ART. 3. The officers shall be one President, three Vice-Presidents, two Secretaries, one Treasurer, an Executive Committee of 15.

BY-LAWS.

SECTION 1. The regular meeting of the club shall be held at its Rooms on the second Wednesday of each month.

SEC. 2. The officers of the club shall, *ex-officio*, be included within and be members of the Executive Committee, and shall be the officers thereof.

SEC. 3. Seven members shall constitute a quorum for transaction of business.

SEC. 4. The rules governing the meeting of the club and committee shall be as laid down in Cushing's Manual.

SEC. 5. The President shall preside at the meetings of the club, or, in his absence, one of the Vice-Presidents.

SEC. 6. The Secretaries shall perform such duties as properly fall within the province of their respective offices.

SEC. 7. The Treasurer shall receive and hold the funds belonging to the club, and disburse the same upon an order of the President, after being certified by a majority of the Auditing Committee.

SEC. 8. The Executive Committee have power to create and fill all such committees as the necessities of the club may require, having also power to adopt an order of business.

SEC. 9. These rules may be amended, altered or suspended by a two-third vote of the members present at any meeting of the club."

The committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Halsey M. Barrett, G. T. Moore and Nathan Russell, appointed at the last meeting to nominate candidates for the various offices of the Association, was then called upon for their report and Mr. Barrett, as Chairman of the committee, submitted the following names: for President, George W. Cook; for Vice-Presidents, Thomas Oakes, John Sherman and Thomas W. Langstroth; for Secretary, George T. Moore; Corresponding Secretary, E. B. Kennedy; Treasurer, Henry P. Dodd; Executive Committee: J. C. Beach, S. Farrand, John M. Brancroft, Halsey M. Barrett, Dr. H. E. Richards, William Colfax, Walter S. Freeman, R. N. Dodd, J. S. C. Bailey, J. F. Folsom, William A. Baldwin, Peter Fornhoff, J. Banks Reford, R. D. Jaques. The ticket as thus arranged was put to a vote and was unanimously elected. The Secretary was requested to notify the gentlemen of their election and to obtain their acceptance of the offices tendered.

Mr. Barrett then said that it had seemed desirable to himself and to several other members of the Club that the signatures of those who joined the Club this year should be obtained to that effect—that the membership should be one of subscription rather than of simple verbal agreement—and he therefore made the motion that a committee of three be appointed to mark out districts similar to those observed in the recent presidential canvass and to suggest subcommittees who would secure the names of such as desired to become members of the Club. The motion was carried and Chairman Moore appointed Messrs J. B. Reford, J. M. Bancroft and W. S. Freeman as the members constituting the committee.

The Club then adjourned to meet on the second Wednesday in February.

TEACHER AND PUPILS.

A MERRY TIME SPENT AT MISS CLARA EVELAND'S HOME BY HER SCHOOL OF "LITTLE FOLKS."

A happy time was had last Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Samuel Eveland, on Linden avenue, the occasion being a party given by Miss Clara to the pupils of her school. The festivities lasted from five o'clock in the afternoon until about eight in the evening. There were twenty-seven children present, ranging from the age of four to fifteen years. At 7 o'clock supper was prepared and when the merry little folks were all seated around the table they presented a truly beautiful sight. After supper the time was quickly passed in singing, speaking, and playing at games in which some older ones present joined and seemed to enjoy themselves as well as the children. Among the children present were some who are not now members of Miss Eveland's school but who have passed through her grades of study and gone to higher schools but who still have a fond love for "The Little Folks' School," where they received their first instruction. At eight o'clock the merry revellers began to leave for their homes, each well satisfied with the evening's enjoyment and just tired enough to sleep well.

A horse and sleigh belonging to Mr. R. N. Dodd was left by his son in front of a residence on Bloomfield avenue on Monday evening. The horse, which is a young one, became frightened at something and broke the strap with which it was tied and ran home to the stable, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. With the exception of breaking some parts of the harness and scratching the sleigh, no damage was done.

The "Haymakers" will come off on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst., at Library Hall. The programme will engage the services a large chorus and of first-rate soloists.

"Deacon Crankett," the play by Mr. John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," will be given this evening at the Newark Park Theatre.

S. W. FRISBIE, of East Toledo, Ohio, says:—It afforded my son relief, and dispelled all signs of this dread disease, which has afflicted him since childhood. I cheerfully recommend the "Only Lung Pad" to all Asthmatic sufferers.—*See Adv.*

WHY WEAR PLASTERS?

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day, and cure yourself.

"SCARING" A SINGER.

Speaking of tenors, says a Roman correspondent, I remember reading a short time ago an anecdote which may perhaps amuse you. It was in the days when tenors thought themselves well paid at 1,000 francs a year instead of 1,000 francs a night, as now. It was in the days of Charles II. of England. Among his chapel singers was John Abell, who, when James II. came to the throne, was exiled as a Papist. He is reported to have had a remarkably beautiful voice, and he accompanied himself on the lute. During his exile he visited Holland and Germany, singing in every town through which he passed.

He gained heaps of money for those times, but was very extravagant and fond of gambling, so that he spent and lost all he made as soon as earned. Sometimes he was even obliged to wander on foot, instead of traveling in a carriage, and it was on foot that he reached Warsaw. As soon, however, as the King heard that the celebrated Abell was in Warsaw he sent for him, wishing to hear him the same night. A gentleman of the court was therefore sent to fetch the tenor, and a carriage was placed at his disposal. But Abell, who was tired and hungry, wanted to eat more than to sing. He did not, however, say he would not go to sing before the king, but that he could not.

The gentleman pretending that he believed the tenor, bowed himself out of the little inn's dining-room, saying he would inform the king of the tenor's indisposition. But on going out of the door he whispered something to the inn-keeper, who went immediately to Abell, who was beginning his supper, and took everything away from him, saying he had orders not to allow him to touch anything until the king's doctor had seen him. But, instead of a doctor, there came a regiment of soldiers, who took our bewildered tenor by force and carried him to the Palace. He was led into a hall, which was surrounded by a large gallery, filled with all the ladies and gentlemen of the court. In the centre of the body of the hall was a large chair, on which the tenor was tied, and then he was lifted in the air, and suspended midway between the floor and ceiling like a chandelier; then, at a signal, a side door of the hall was opened, and twelve bears were introduced, who began to sniff at the poor tenor, balancing above in his swinging chair. Abell was ordered to sing, or to be flung to the bears. And there, enjoying the scene, he sang all his favorite songs, and delighted the whole court for an hour. Even the bears were entranced, says the writer of this anecdote.

A VERY QUIET BABY.

Children-in-arms generally enjoy exemption from customs' duties, and even the octroi officials stationed at the "barriers" of French and Italian cities, fiscal martinets though they be, are wont to allow these innocent creatures to pass them free of duty. There are, however, exceptions to every rule. Only a short time since, among the passengers in an omnibus undergoing the usual inspection at the Porta Garibaldi of Milan was a ruddy cheeked wet nurse, bearing on her lap an infantile treasure, carefully swaddled, its youthful lineaments hidden from view by a thick white lace vail. It seemed a baby of excellent conduct, by no means addicted to infuriate screaming, or even to the complacent gurglings affected by some infants, but wrapped in a profound noiseless slumber.

"That is a remarkably quiet child of yours," observed the searching official to the nurse.

"Yes, indeed it is, dear little angel," rejoined the latter; "it hardly ever cries, the sweet poppet, and when it does whimper a little I can quiet it in a moment with a lump of sugar."

"It must be quite a treasure," replied he of the octroi; "just step down, there's a good woman, and bring it into my office, will you. I should like to have a look at it, being a family man myself.

The nurse grew pale; she had, however, no valid excuse for non-compliance with the request, so she descended from the omnibus and followed the fatherly official into his bureau, where, strange and sad to tell, the extraordinary placidity of her infantile charge was speedily accounted for by the discovery that it consisted of 14 pounds of fine Bologna sausage, neatly packed up in the snow white robes of guileless babyhood.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

The Kafirs hold the doctrine of the transmigrations of souls, and pay the spirits of their relatives the doubtful compliment of believing that they have a special affinity for snakes and serpents. So, when some venomous reptile takes up its quarters with a family, in place of killing it, they abandon the hut to its use. Dr. Norbury tells a story of a missionary who came near to paying with his life for the delicate consideration of his flock. While officiating at the communion-table, he fancied he heard a hissing sound. Bringing the service prematurely to a close, he peeped below the cloth, and saw one of the most poisonous snakes in South Africa. His parishioners had had their eyes upon it all the time, but had declined to say anything from motives of delicacy. They thought the snake must be a relative of their clergyman, and would not interfere in a family affair.

CUTTING IT SHORT.

The nationally gratifying fact that Edwin Booth made so palpable a hit in London in Shylock, calls to mind a little story told by our leading star to the writer one Sunday during his last visit here, while taking a look at the Golden Gate from the lantern of the Point Bonita light house.

"Once, during the days of my early struggles in the profession," said Booth, "and while we were barn-storming down in Virginia, an odd thing happened, which illustrates the shifts to which the 'poor player' was then put in order to get along. We were playing—'showing,' they called it then—one night at a little place named Lee's Landing, and the tobacco warehouse we had improvised into a theatre was crowded by the planters for miles around. We had arranged to take the weekly steamer that we expected would touch there late that night, and between the acts were all busy packing up. The play was 'The Merchant of Venice,' and we were just going on for the court scene, where the Jew insists on his pound of flesh, when we heard a whistle blow, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived ahead of time and would leave again in ten minutes.

"As that was our only chance of getting down to the Chesapeake for a week we were naturally in a terrible quandary. 'If we stop right here and explain,' said the manager, 'the audience will think they are being cheated, and go in for a free fight. The only thing we can do is for you fellows to get up some sort of a natural-like, impromptu ending for the piece, and ring down the drop. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned, here,' and he hurried away to get the luggage on board.

"If it had been in any other quarter of the country I wouldn't have had the assurance to do as he said, but the ignorance of the 'clay eaters,' or ordinary Virginians of those days, was something marvelous, so when old George Enggles, who was doing Shylock, got to where he sharpens his knife on his shoe, I walked solemnly up to him and said:

"'You're bound to have the flesh, are you?'

"'You bet your life,' said George, under the impression that he was improvising very skillfully indeed.

"'Now, I'll make you one more dicker,' I continued. 'In addition to this bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun and a couple of the best coon dogs in the State.'

"'I'm blamed if I don't do it,' said Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco raisers and coon hunters from the ground up.

"'And to show that there is no hard feeling,' said Portia, tucking up her legal gown, 'we'll wind up with a Virginny reel.'

"And as the prompter struck up 'Money Musk' on his fiddle, we danced a couple of figures, and made a break for the boat as the curtain fell, amid thunders of applause.

"When we got on board, the steamer's captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play with great delight, tendered the troupe the compliment of a hot supper, and remarked, as we sat down to what was a rare treat in those 'palmy days of the drama:'

"'I'd like to see the whole of that play sometime, gentlemen. I'm blamed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap to him.'"—*San Francisco Post.*

THE FIRST CASTING OF IRON.

Cast iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass foundry at Bristol, Eng., conceived the idea that iron might be substituted for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favor of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd-boy named John Thomas had, some little time previous to this, been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop on the recommendation of a distant relative. While looking on during the experiments of the Dutch workman, he said to Abraham Darby that he thought he saw where they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop all night struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect molds. The hours passed on and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task; and just as morning dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful; and from 1709 to 1822 the family of Thomas were confidential and much-valued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than one hundred years after the night in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mold of fine sand contained in frames and with air-holes the same process was practiced and kept secret at Colebrook Dale with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

WEIGHING CATTLE BY MEASURE.

The following rules are given by which the weight of cattle can be ascertained approximately by measurement:

Take the length of the back from the curve of the tail to the fore end of the shoulder blade, and the girth around the breast just behind the fore legs. These dimensions must be taken in inches. Multiply the girth by length, and divide by one hundred and forty-four. If the girth is less than three feet, multiply by eleven; if between three and five feet multiply by twenty-three; if between seven and nine feet multiply by thirty-one. If the animal is very lean, one-twentieth be added.

Another way is to take all dimensions as before, in feet, and then multiply the square of the girth by the length, and that product by 3.36. The result will be pounds. If you desire to know what an animal will dress multiply the live weight by the decimal 6.05; the products approximates to the actual weight, very closely.

WHY HE DIDN'T RECIPROCATE.

A gentleman perceived a mason disputing with a young man. This latter having soundly shaken the mason, the mason raised a formidable ruler, which was in his hand, and was about to deal the youth a terrible blow full in the face. To ward off the blow was for the gentlemen only the affair of an instant. Immediately the mason turned his rage against him, and, although disarmed of his ruler, used his fists to good effect in pummeling the newcomer. Finally the police interfered and led the belligerent mason away. Furious, the gentleman turned to the young man, whom he had saved from a frightful wound and disfigurement, and demanded, severely, why, in his turn, he had not helped the one who had helped him against the quarrelsome mason. The young man lowered his eyes piously, as he said: "What! raise my hand against my father?"

THAT SETTLED HIM.

Several weeks since a prisoner was received at the Detroit House of Correction who seemed determined to have his own way at every cost. In twenty-four hours he was in disgrace for obstreperous conduct, and he was no sooner out of one scrape than he got himself into another. He was locked up, tied up, and punished in various ways, and the other day, when he committed some new breach of discipline, the Deputy called him into the office in despair, and began:

"John, how long have you been here?"

"Two months."

"How many times have you been punished?"

"About a dozen, I guess."

"And still you are lazy and impudent and quarrelsome?"

"It isn't for me to dispute you, sir."

"I've been thinking over your case," concluded the Deputy, "and I have concluded to put you in charge of the small-pox hospital. You are too lazy to catch the disease, and too mean to let anybody else have what you can't. Get your traps together."

"Say, Deputy," replied the man as his eyes began to bulge, "this is the first time since I've been here that you have appealed directly to my honor. When I was ordered and commanded and compelled I felt aggravated and obstinate. Now that you appeal directly to my sense of honor and duty I shall cheerfully obey. I think I can paint more chairs than any three men in the shop."

"You do?"

"I do, sir, and I'll prove it."

He was given a chance, and he hasn't given occasion for reprimands since.—*Free Press.*

EMMA ABBOTT.

This remarkably successful little lady, now the greatest of our American vocalists, and who occupies the head of English Opera in America, begins an engagement at Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Monday evening, January 17th. She is assisted by Signor Brignoli (who will be heard for the first time in English), and a most artistic and complete organization, numbering sixty-five people. The operas to be presented will include "Paul and Virginia," "Lucia," "Mignon," "Romeo and Juliet," "Maritana," "Chimes of Normandy," "Trovatore." They will be presented with the customary effectiveness in the way of scenery, which characterizes Haverly's Fifth Avenue, and the public will be assured of a splendid though brief English Opera Season. During these two weeks there will be a Wednesday as well as Saturday Matinee.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 1881:

Baldwin, C. P.	Erb, John
Brown, Mrs. Martha	Grisshaber, Charles
Brown, Frank W.	Hatton, Peter
Brown, Grace E.	Ham, Eva (2)
Dickens, George	Duffy, Mary
Emerson, W. H.	Home, Victoria
Johnson, Robert	Madison, ——e
Phelps, A.	Rhoades, Hattie
Springer, Hermine	Thompson, Reggie
Ward, C. L.	Wild, Walter H.

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters. H. DODD, P. M.

SAMUEL H. IRWIN, of Ute Creek, Colfax Co., New Mexico, says:—If my wife would quit work as she should at her age (61), she would live years a monument to the magic influence of the "Only Lung Pad."—*See Adv.*

RECORD OF THE THERMOMETER.

Following is the record kept at Marsh's Pharmacy for the past week:

	7 A. M.	12 M.	3 P. M.	6 P. M.
Saturday, Jan. 8	16°	28°	30°	27°
Sunday	16	24	21	20
Monday	32	40	42	37
Tuesday	20	35	30	27
Wednesday	20	30	32	21
Thursday	15	31	29	26
Friday	30	35	20	18

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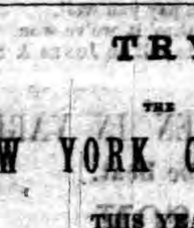

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Leave Montclair—5 55, 7 22, 8 14, 9 02, 10 39, A.M. 1 50, 3 48, 5 00, 6 55, P.M.

Leave Bloomfield—5 59, 7 27, 8 19, 9 05, 10 44, A.M. 1 55, 3 53, 5 05, 7 04, P.M.

Arrive at New York—6 40, 8 10, 9 00, 9 50, 11 25 A.M. 2 40, 4 40, 5 50, 7 40, P.M.

Sunday Train from Bloomfield at 8 19, A.M.; 6 05, P.M.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Leave New York—6 30, 8 00, 8 50, A.M. 12 10, 3 40, 4 40, 5 40, 6 20, 7 45, P.M.

Arrive at Bloomfield—7 14, 8 32, 9 33, A.M. 12 52, 4 19, 5 21, 6 20, 7 03, 8 28, P.M.

Arrive at Montclair—7 22, 9 02, 9 44, A.M. 12 —, 4 24, 5 26, 6 26, 7 09, 8 34, P.M.

Arrive at Upper Montclair—7 26, 9 05, 9 48, A.M. 1 02, 4 28, 5 30, 6 30, 7 13, 8 38, P.M.

Sunday Trains from New York, 8 45, A.M. 6 45 P.M. Milk train leaves New York at 12, midnight, on Saturday, arriving at Bloomfield at 1 25, A.M.

1881.

THE NEW YORK

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IN ITS EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR.

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2. In 1856 it took an active part in the formation of the Republican Party, to the measures and candidates of which it has since generally adhered; but it is in no sense the slave of any party organization. It holds that the highest duty of a good journal is to the community at large, and to parties only as they are subservient to the general good. While it has decided political preferences, therefore, it has no political prejudices; and is determined to be fair and impartial toward all parties, and independent in its judgments. It means to make vigorous war, as it always has done, upon all public jobs, all corruption, all extravagance, all peculation, all rings, and all class legislation.

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Scientific.

THE PRALL SYSTEM OF HEATING.—During their recent convention in New York city the members of the American Society of Civil Engineers were entertained by the Prall Union Heating Company. The dinner was cooked throughout by superheated water; and whatever aims have been the cost on the relative economy of the system, the cooking was accepted as unquestionably satisfactory. That bread can be baked and meat roasted by hot water may seem quite incredible to those who think of boiling water only as commonly seen in open vessels. Under atmospheric pressure water can be heated no higher than 212°, far below a roasting temperature. But when confined there is no limit to the temperature it may receive save the weakness or strength of the containing vessel. The Union Heating Company propose to supply heat and power to houses by a system of pipes circulating water heated under pressure to about 376°, that is, a pressure of about 160 pounds above the atmosphere. In being conveyed a mile in boxed pipes, under ground, the water, it is claimed, loses not more than 1°, so that a temperature of 375° can be maintained in the pipes of a cooking range, a heat sufficient for all culinary purposes. The heating of houses can be effected either by air-currents circulating around hot-water coils, or by means of steam radiators, the hot water being converted into steam in small converting chambers. In the operation of the system, central boiler stations will be established in districts of about one square mile area. The pipes conveying the superheated water from the central station and back again, are laid in the same trench and are so connected as to allow a forced circulation. The return pipe conveys to the generator all the water not drawn off for domestic or other purposes, thereby saving all the heat not available for heating purposes or for steam power. The alleged advantages of this system of circulating superheated water over systems of steam heating consist in the smaller size and cost of the service pipes; in the smaller loss of heat by radiation and condensation, owing to the smallness of the pipes; and the saving of fuel through the return of all the unused condensed water to the central generator.

At the trial station at 125th street about 3,000 feet of pipe have been laid. The water to be circulated is heated to about 342°, and is said to be driven through the system at such a rate that no water is allowed to be more than fifteen minutes away from the boiler. It is estimated that two or three cubic feet of water an hour will suffice for heating an ordinary city house and that the cost to consumers will be much less than with any other system of heating. To determine this, however, we are inclined to think that something more than brief experimental trials, under the management of the company's engineers, will be necessary. However promising a system may be theoretically, serious difficulties are apt to be encountered when it is put to the test of practical use at the hand of ignorant and unskillful servants. In the ordinary use of steam at low pressure for domestic purposes, leaking joints and valves are a source of constant trouble; much more would they be troublesome under a pressure four or five times as great. At any rate the successful use of superheated water in the way proposed will necessitate a style of valve making and steam fitting marvelously better than builders and house owners are able to obtain now.—*Scientific American.*

WATCHMAKING IN FRANCE.—Besancon almost monopolizes the watchmaking of France, all but 2,486 of the 447,798 watches manufactured last year coming from that town. Of the Besancon watches, 149,907 were gold and 297,406 silver, the whole being valued at over $11,380,000, half of which represents labor. Nearly all these watches are sold in France. The foundation of the watch trade at Besancon dates from the close of the last century, when a number of workmen from the Swiss side of the frontier, persecuted for their political opinions, took refuge there and were induced to remain. Since then this industry has continued to prosper; but it was not until after the conclusion of the treaty of commerce in 1860 that the business assumed anything like its present proportions. There is a school for teaching watchmaking at Besancon; but though liberally endowed by the municipality, it is said not to be well attended.

A SAMPLE VILLAGE.

I write this from a country village containing about one thousand inhabitants. It is a lovely little town, nestled on a side hill to break off the raw winds of winter and the hurricanes of summer. When I arrived this morning it seemed to me as if there could not be a bad man or a scolding woman in the village, but four hours have passed and I am a wiser man. I came here to see old Mrs. Brown about a pension she wants from the government, and when we had finished our business, I said:

"I see you have four churches here."

"Yes; but we never have any sermons worth listening to."

"The men look intelligent and smart."

"Humph! They are regular pokes. There isn't a man in Farmville who knows enough to ask boot in a horse trade."

"But the women look happy," I protested.

"Then they look what they ain't," she answered. "I don't believe there is a happy woman in the whole village. If you knew of the awful carryings on here, you wouldn't look for happy wives."

"What awful things do the men do?"

"You'd better ask what they don't do. It's a wonder to me that Farmville hasn't shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrow."

"Do they drink?"

"Do they? Didn't I see even old Deacon Harris weaving this way and that as he climbed the hill last evening? It's a slippery path, of course, but sober men don't climb a hill sideways."

"Do they gamble?"

"Gamble? What did Mrs. Potts tell me that her brother's wife told Mrs. Davis not a month ago? Four of the leading men in the place were caught playing checkers for soda water. That's a nice example, [illegible]"

"Is Mrs. Potts nice?"

"Nice! Why, she's the worst gossip [illegible]